

Strange Land

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Strange Land

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Summary

“You look like something out of a horror movie,” Will wiped at the smeared lipstick on Hannibal’s face, chuckling a little. “Like one of Dracula’s brides. You know?”

“Does that make you Jonathan Harker?” Hannibal’s lips curled in a little smirk. “Are you suggesting I make a meal out of you?”

Will buys Hannibal a gift. Hannibal comes to a realization.

Notes

The title and some of the events play off of what happens in Stoker's Dracula. It's mostly just fluff and smut though, nothing sinister.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Hannibal liked Will's home. Not only because it was his, and inherently interesting in that respect, but also because there was an archaic sense of isolation there. The road to his old farmhouse was long and winding and the house itself would appear in the distance like a lonely dot in a vast field of nothing. The sense that he was traveling to a modern day underworld crept up his spine every time the scenery changed from urban landscape to barren wasteland and entering the dark maw of Will's front door felt like being swallowed up by the earth.

Not that Hannibal minded. On the contrary, the simplicity of Will's secluded life appealed to him, and he enjoyed the respite. Being alone with him in a place where they had no reason to do anything but eat, sleep and talk, care for his dogs, take long walks in the crisp autumn landscape. Warm their chilled hands with cups of coffee or through the slide of skin against skin in Will's bed. Will had once told him, breathless and somewhat overwhelmed, that he had never been intimate with one single person to such an extent in his life. Hannibal didn't say so himself, but neither had he.

The thought crossed his mind when he was curled up in Will's bed one lazy Saturday afternoon, tangled in messy sheets and warm limbs. Will's breathing was deep and regular and his eyes were closed, golden afternoon light catching on his dark lashes and spilling over his cheeks like Cubist teardrops. Hannibal almost thought he was asleep, but then his limp form stirred to life and the gentle rasp of his voice broke the silence around them.

"I bought something for you."

There was a note of hesitance in his words. Hannibal caught his gaze and held it like something small and frightened. "Did you?"

"Yes," Will grimaced. "Weeks ago, actually."

"I assume there's a reason I have yet to receive it."

"Kind of intimidating, giving someone with your standards a gift. I don't think my taste is up to par."

"The gift isn't as important as the intentions behind it."

Will gave him a flat look. "You just rephrased the old saying that it's the thought that counts."

"But it is," Hannibal tried to look amiable despite his mounting curiosity. "The fact that you told me implies that you want to be convinced to give it to me."

"So far, I'm not convinced."

"It would please me very much to receive a gift from you," Hannibal said. "If I don't approve of it, I will tell you so. I wouldn't lie to you for the sake of sparing your feelings."

Will snorted, but his shoulders slumped in something Hannibal could only interpret as relief. He gave Hannibal a searching look for a brief moment before he got out of bed, making his

way across the room. Hannibal sat up and watched as Will padded over to his closet, naked, the chilled floor prickling the back of his thighs with gooseflesh. He rifled through his closet for a moment and brought out a sizeable white box. Hannibal looked intently at it as Will brought it over, putting it on his lap.

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

Hannibal ran his hand over the lid. “This is an expensive brand.”

“He exclaimed in disbelief,” Hannibal opened his mouth to object, but Will only made a dismissive gesture with a lopsided smile on his face. “Just open it.”

Hannibal lifted the lid and let his gaze flit over the contents. In the periphery of his vision, he could see that Will was assessing his reaction with such attentiveness that it bordered on amusing.

“Well?”

“This is lovely, Will,” He meant it. “Thank you.”

“It’s more for me than it is for you. I was being selfish when I bought it.”

“I disagree. I think you have taken my tastes into account more than you admit. At least what you perceive to be my tastes.”

“You don’t know that. Maybe I just thought you would look nice.”

Hannibal wanted to know how Will had obtained this gift. If he had gone to the high-end shops he himself frequented, and if so, how he had presented himself. Will’s exterior was almost as meticulously put together as his own was, and he couldn’t decide whether Will would have wanted to blend in or deliberately perturb the shopkeepers with his less polished appearance. He might ask later, if he found a way to phrase the question delicately.

“Shall I try this on now?”

“Sure,” Will leaned back on the bed, hand behind his head. Masculine, self-assured. Unapologetic about occupying space. This was his solitary piece of kingdom and Hannibal was the one out of his depth.

He rose and picked up his overnight bag, where he kept a small collection of cosmetics that would go nicely with the contents of the box. Then he made his way into Will’s bathroom. He wanted to dress up the gift the way it deserved, making himself a gift in return since he had little else to offer so far from home.

An ornate floral pattern twirling over sheer fabric. Thin mesh and lacy trimmings, hugging soft flesh and hard muscle, paling tanned skin where it hid beneath transparent white. Hannibal returned wearing an open-front baby doll along with a matching pair of panties – the same hipster model he usually wore, but more intricately decorated. The ensemble as a whole was a little younger than what he usually wore for Will, and certainly more provocative. The thought of Will wanting to see him in something so deliberately enticing had arousal pooling warm in his belly, filling his cock until it was leaking and flexing impatiently against his thigh, forcing him to adjust it to curve against his stomach. To match the outfit, he wore a little more eye makeup than usual along with a lipstick that was a deeper shade of red than the one he normally preferred.

“If I were at home, I would have worn heels,” He told Will, because it was true. “They would have tricked the eye into perceiving shapelier curves. Heels enhance a feminine gait.”

“You don’t need enhancing,” Will stared openly, wide-eyed with wonder, like an infant. “You’re hard.”

“I’m aroused.”

“Come here.”

Hannibal straddled Will’s thighs and felt large, warm hands squeeze around his backside. He wasn’t sure who initiated the kiss, but it quickly grew heated and demanding and those hands soon found their way in under the waistband of his panties, where they kneaded soft flesh with increasing insistence.

“God, I love your mouth,” Will nibbled on Hannibal’s lower lip for emphasis. Hannibal smiled a little.

“What do you like about it?”

“How it feels when I kiss it,” Will’s tongue followed the dip of his Cupid’s bow. “I like your teeth.”

Hannibal paused, automatically pressing his tongue against the inside of his teeth. “An unusual compliment. I’m aware they aren’t what people normally find aesthetically pleasing.”

“What do you mean?”

Hannibal searched Will’s face for tell-tale signs of teasing, but found nothing but genuine puzzlement. “Many would consider them peculiar,” He explained then, feeling as though he was talking to a child. “There is a slight inwards tilt to some of them, causing my teeth to appear uneven.”

“I haven’t thought about that,” Will said. “I just like how you look when you smile. I like to feel them when you put your mouth on me.”

Will caught his mouth in another kiss and Hannibal nipped at his lips, making Will huff a little laugh. He craned his neck to sink his teeth into Will's jaw, his throat and the clearly defined contour of a collarbone, pressing muffled moans into his skin every time Will ground their hips together, rubbing the hardening length of his cock against Hannibal's aching stiffness.

"You look like something out of a horror movie," Will wiped at the smeared lipstick on Hannibal's face, chuckling a little. "Like one of Dracula's brides. You know?"

"Does that make you Jonathan Harker?" Hannibal's lips curled in a little smirk. "Are you suggesting I make a meal out of you?"

"I thought they were mostly just trying to seduce him."

"For what purpose?"

Will stuttered a laugh. "The food thing. You're right."

"They might have been seeking companionship as well," Hannibal amended. "Judging by how such creatures are normally portrayed, they have a variety of options when handsome men are caught between their jaws."

He nibbled at Will's throat and Will laughed again. "I might be persuaded into both, if you keep doing that."

Taking the bait, Hannibal pushed Will's chest until his back hit the bed, then he crawled up between his legs and leaned close to his face. He let his breath puff damp against his lips while one hand moved down to Will's cock, hard and straining into his touch, the silky skin damp with precome. Will groaned and shifted, canting his hips to meet the movements of Hannibal's hand as he started stroking him. His eyes were closed and his jaws had snapped shut, trapping little grunts and moans between his teeth. Hannibal leaned in even further, so close their lips almost touched, and Will's breath hitched as he waited – suspended in anticipation.

"Jonathan Harker didn't just feel desire," Hannibal lowered his voice to a gravelly whisper, then he tilted his head to reach Will's throat. His lips hovered where his pulse beat, an almost visible series of fast-paced throbs underneath pale parchment paper skin. His neck reminded Hannibal of thin glass and eggshells and anything that easily shattered. "He felt fear, for a variety of reasons. Do you?"

Will laughed, breathless. "Getting there."

He was obviously not scared in any sense of the word, but the elevated beat of his heart and the cut-off little moans tumbling from his lips – indistinguishable from cries of pain, certainly just as desperate – made for a satisfying enough game of pretend.

Hannibal smiled. "Is it a fear you might conquer?"

The challenge hung in the air for a moment. Then Will took a hold of Hannibal's wrists and wrestled him to his back, pinning him down with his weight and hands. Hannibal struggled against his restraints at first, testing the strength in Will's grip, but then an eager mouth closed over his. Hannibal relaxed into the slide of lips, pretending to surrender as he opened his mouth to the forceful strokes of Will's tongue. Then, as the grip on his wrists eased, Hannibal flipped them around again, sitting on top of Will's thighs and holding him down with his hands on his arms.

"We're seriously doing this?" Will raised his brow and Hannibal gave him a sly smile. Will tumbled him to the side, once more putting him flat on his back with his arms pinned down. Hannibal wriggled under him, but Will put considerable strength in the hold on his wrists this time, and he couldn't get away without disrupting the playful air.

"Oh no, you don't," Will's grip grew firmer as Hannibal bucked his hips in one last attempt to throw him off. They were both still smiling and Will risked letting go with one hand to reach for the lubrication he kept on the nightstand.

"You're so beautiful," Will said. "I don't think you even know."

"Enlighten me then."

"The most—" Will looked away and Hannibal was delighted to find that it seemed like he might be blushing. "You've got to be aware of how attractive you are. No matter how you choose to present yourself."

"But especially when this is how I choose to present myself," Hannibal supplied.

"Yes."

Hannibal thought for a moment about what Will was seeing. His red-stained mouth, thick layers of mascara and blown pupils making his eyes look black and hollow. Virginal white and actions to contradict it. He bared his teeth a little in a half-smile, half-snarl, and his mouth was swept up in a kiss once more. An impatient hand yanked his panties down and Hannibal only managed to get one leg out of them before Will pressed two slick fingers against his hole. Since they had spent all day in bed, the tight ring of muscles offered little resistance as one of Will's fingers slipped inside, quickly followed by the other – though there was a hint of soreness that had Hannibal suppressing the urge to draw a sharp breath.

"Does it hurt?" Will said in a gentle voice that suggested he would stop if Hannibal told him yes. So he shook his head, circling his hips while making small, wanton noises he knew Will liked. Hannibal wasn't a masochist, to be sure, but there was a distinct appeal to the idea of being made aware of his body, feeling the complexity of sensation Will was able to inflict. The discomfort wore off a little as thick digits worked him open, forcing the dull ache to give way to a simpler, less layered kind of pleasure.

"I don't think you're being honest," Will said, smiling into his neck. Hannibal was reminded of just how perceptive he was; how rarely he managed to get anything past him. "You sure this is ok?"

Under different circumstances, Hannibal might have asked him to be gentle with him, playing off the innocence Will bizarrely perceived or possibly projected onto him when he dressed like this. But blushing bride antics did not fit in with the way this particular sequence of events had unfolded, so instead he spread his legs wider and arched his back, deliberately challenging.

“I would rather you quit your teasing,” Hannibal said. “There are parts of you I would enjoy more.”

Will whined helplessly like something wounded and eased his fingers out, reaching for the lubrication again to coat himself with cool slickness. Then he tugged Hannibal closer and let his ankle come to rest on his shoulder before he started pushing inside, eyes rolling back in his skull like white marbles as he sheathed himself in the soft, wet heat of his body.

Much to Hannibal’s satisfaction, Will didn’t bother starting out as slow and gentle as he was wont to do. When he was all the way inside, he only pulled back a little bit before slamming into him so forcefully that Hannibal felt the blunt jut of his hipbones against the back of his thighs along with the exhilarating stomach-drop feeling of being filled and stretched a little too wide a little too soon.

“Will,” His name was carried by a gasp that was entirely genuine. Will only grunted in response and Hannibal squirmed a little, mostly to feel Will tighten his grip on him and pin him down with greater resolve.

“You feel amazing. Every time I—” Whatever Will was about to say was cut short by his own moaning as Hannibal shifted to allow him even deeper. “Stop, I’ll come—“

“Do it.”

Just as Will started losing track of the rhythmic pace of his thrusting, Hannibal unhinged his jaws and sunk his teeth into Will’s neck, biting down. Will cried out and every muscle in his form seemed to draw tight. Hannibal imagined the way his eyes might have flown open and then fluttered close, eyebrows knitting together at the onslaught of sensation. He knew what kind of pressure would break skin and purposefully bit just hard enough to bruise, to imprint, to make the pain mingle with rather than override the pleasure. Will came with a deep sound at the back of his throat and stilled on top of him, his heavy head coming to rest on Hannibal’s shoulder.

“If only all fears were that easily conquered,” Will teased, a smile in his voice.

“Fears aren’t normally so accommodating,” Hannibal remarked, smiling as well. “Do you consider yourself persuaded? Have I managed to seduce you into my sordid ways?”

Will’s little laugh puffed against his neck. “Let’s find out.”

Soft, damp lips brushed against Hannibal’s throat, forming kisses that turned into nips that turned into bites. Then those lips trailed down his chest and stomach before brushing past the head of his cock, flushed dark with neglect. Will wasted no time teasing, only wet his lips and swallowed down as much as he could handle in one go. A harsh breath fell from Hannibal’s

lips as Will sucked him quickly, greedily, a hint of teeth dragging along the length of his shaft.

Something stirred and came unfastened in Hannibal every time Will was pressed against or inside him, every time those lips or hands wrapped around him and wrung him dry like this. It made him feel oddly defenseless, even more so considering the fact that he had no wish to piece his walls back together to regain his shelter. The sight of Will between his legs, the tips of his dark curls lit blazing white by the setting sun, face serious and concentrated as if he was in the middle of an important task, finally became too much. He spilled with a twitch of his hips and Will swallowed, sucking gently at the tip, licking up every trace of come.

“Sordid enough for you?”

“It’s certainly a start,” Hannibal said, allowing a smirk to pass his lips. There was no way Will could pick up on the subtleties of their conversation, of course, but he liked to imagine a reality in which they were able to move past innocent fantasies to explore the darker aspects of Hannibal’s proclivities.

Will rolled onto his back, chest rising and falling with his labored breathing. He glanced at Hannibal and smiled crooked, eyes fond and deep like something one might fall into. Hannibal brushed his fingers against the bite mark on his neck, so high up that the collars of his usual flannels and sweaters might not be able to hide it. He had predicted that the notion might please him, but the reassurance he felt was unexpected.

He pressed his face against Will’s neck and hid his steady stream of thoughts in the slope joining neck and shoulder, mildly concerned at his own lack of concern. He thought, perhaps, that it had been a mistake on his part to seek respite in the vacuum of time and space that was Will’s home. Wiping the smears of red from the corners of his mouth, he realized he was not at all certain what would resurface with him when he returned to the world above.

End Notes

Sick of this series yet? I'm not, apparently, since I'm currently working on another longer part that will be divided into two chapters. More plot and less fluff, but knowing myself, probably about as much smut. As usual, you can find more of my Hannigram stuff on my [tumblr](#). Thanks for reading!

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